

# Sunday Advertiser

WALTER G. SMITH : : : : : EDITOR.

SUNDAY : : : : : NOVEMBER 20.

## THE MYSTERIOUS COMMISSION.

We have received the following letter from a citizen of Olaa who has been conspicuous in his efforts, for many years past, to apply American ideas to the Hawaiian land policy—always a task of difficulty:

Mountain View, Hawaii, November 18, 1904.

Editor Advertiser:—Although I am a squatter, an "ignorant squatter" if you please, I appreciate your efforts to show that there is room for something besides the planter and the coolie in this Territory.

Through the columns of the Advertiser we were enabled to find out something about "The Pinkham Commission," but not as much as we would like to know.

The members of that commission were driven by team from Hilo to the Volcano House in one day—a distance of thirty-one miles up hill and no one about here knew who they were or what they were here for.

They passed by such fine farms as those of Peter Lee, Dr. Russell, Itens, Junkins and others without inquiry and seemed to have been trying to avoid information rather than trying to gain it.

Will you kindly inform the public who appointed that commission? Who pays the bills? What is its object? And as much other information about it as you can conveniently give.

Yours truly,

T. J. RYAN.

This is a large order to fill. No more secret commission was ever made up here than the one which spent weeks in travelling over the group taking notes and pictures of kuleana farming. It kept mum while it was en route, it has kept mum since and it is holding weekly meetings, from which reporters are excluded, for the sake of making up a report to quietly send away.

Piecing this and that thing together we arrive at the following narrative: When Governor Carter was last in Washington he found that the Land Office wanted more exact data about the labor question and the size and area of occupancy of the Hawaiian public domain than official Hawaiian reports, then on file, were able to supply or than the Governor himself could furnish off hand. The call for the facts was urgent. Gov. Carter cabled to Secretary Atkinson to start Mr. Pinkham—one of the Pacific Club cabinet—on a tour of investigation and to spare no expense. Nothing of this was given to the press. Pinkham wanted a labor staff and undertook to pick some men from the Builders' and Traders' Exchange who were one with him in hostility to small farming; but the labor organization protested and as the result a more representative commission was secured. But Pinkham had a majority.

Mr. Pinkham and his body guard quietly started out and visited Hawaii, Kauai, Maui, Molokai and Oahu, at an expense which could not have been less than \$20 per day, not including the pay of a photographer, who took and is now developing and printing 1500 pictures. When the papers asked questions they were told that Pinkham was looking after sanitary matters. Nobody will tell where the money came from, though the class of producers which is most hostile to the division of any part of the public domain into American farms has money to burn.

It was noticed elsewhere than in Olaa that the Pinkham investigators took no account of successful farming. When they came to the hut of a poor native, the shack of a Portuguese squatter or the squalid home of any ne'er do well, they photographed the place, the tenant and even the scant dinner table and labeled the result "Exhibit X—Hawaiian Small Farmer and his Home." On Maui a flourishing place like Mrs. von Tempsky's repelled them. Pinkham felt sore when he saw a good crop or a well-tilled field; satisfaction came to him only when unthrifty and destitution and squalor stared him in the face.

The story of what the commission saw, fully illustrated, is soon going to Washington; and there is the expectation that Congress and the President, when they see it, will forego the foolish idea of "developing Hawaii along traditional American lines."

So much for the pieced-together narrative. The Sunday Advertiser does not vouch for its accuracy in detail but has reason to think it true as to the motives and methods of the commission. As soon as the report reaches Washington it will be looked after by this paper's correspondent there and its contents reviewed for the benefit of the people of Hawaii.

## CARNEGIE'S EXPANSIONISM.

Andrew Carnegie has become an enthusiastic ally of the venerable Professor Goldwin Smith in advocacy of the annexation of Canada by the United States—or if it may sound more soothing to the Canadians—the union of the two countries in fulfillment of "manifest destiny." Only Mr. Carnegie is more sanguine of the consummation they both account desirable, as to its taking place at an early period, than the eminent publicist who belongs very much to both sides of the international boundary line—Professor Smith having, for the best part of his life, been a lecturer in American universities and a resident of Canada.

Mr. Carnegie lately contributed an article to the London Morning Express, over which was flashed the heading: "Drifting Together; Will the United States and Canada Unite?" He represented "that those born north and south of the imaginary line between Canada and the States, being all Americans, must soon merge. It were as great folly for them to remain divided as for England and Scotland to have done so. Native born Canadians and Americans are of common type, indistinguishable one from the other. Nothing is surer in the near future than that they must unite. It were criminal in them to stand apart. It need not be feared that force will ever be used or required to accomplish this union. It will come; it must come in the natural order of things. Political as well as material bodies obey the law of gravitation. Canada's destiny is to annex the republic as Scotland did England. Then taking the hand of the rebellious big brother and that of the mother she will place them in each other's grasp, thus reuniting the then happy family that should never have known separation."

A beautiful dream, truly, but dreamed inopportunely. There is probably less favor to annexation or union among the people on either side of the border today than there was anywhere from thirty-seven to sixty-seven years ago. These periods are used advisedly. Canada has no more conspicuous monuments in her places of sepulture than those commemorating the names of worthy subjects who fell in battle or were ignominiously executed as rebels in the disturbed period of 1837. A Governor General was mobbed in Montreal and the parliament building of the old Canadas burned in that city within the times mentioned. Then thirty-seven years ago all that kept Nova Scotia from open rebellion against being confederated with the other British Provinces to form the Dominion of Canada, without its people having been consulted at the polls, was the feebleness of the little peninsula province. An annexation party developed among the younger element of anti-confederates there, which was strong enough in some towns to insult the British flag and celebrate the Fourth of July in a manner that would not shame a Yankee burg.

All of the discontent of both the periods mentioned, in the upper and the lower provinces, is now but a memory of the very aged in the former region and an interesting reminiscence to the aging as well as the rapidly dying generations in the latter region. Canada is now a united country, with almost every self-governing privilege conceded to her by the mother country. She is about building a second transcontinental railway and in both agriculture and manufactures has been developing apace for some decades past. One of the strongest evidences that there is an absolute lack of sentiment favoring annexation is that the two rival political parties have almost totally dropped the political warfare trick of impugning each other's British loyalty.

As for the United States, the matter is treated with almost universal indifference. Now and then a newspaper article appears in the neighborhood of Buffalo or of Detroit advocating the "manifest destiny" theory. When Mr. Carnegie says that the peoples are indistinguishable, he unaccountably ignores the solid French electorate of Quebec which holds the balance of political power in Canada. In its rural element the French population would be apt to carry as much embarrassment into American politics as the negro question now holds.

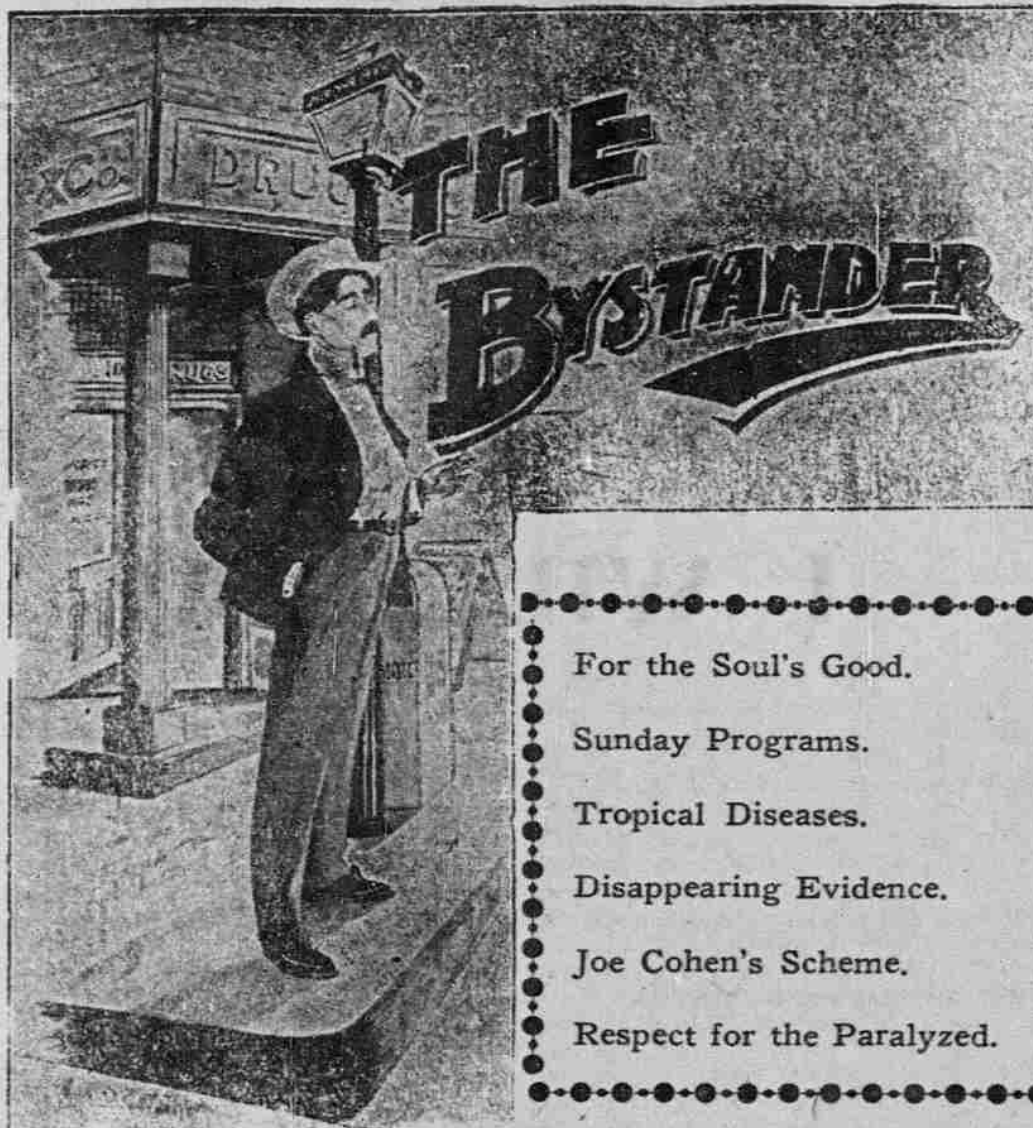
The only sign of favor to annexation in the international horoscope today is the strong reciprocity sentiment in New England. If Canada is given reciprocity with the United States or ten or twenty years, there is no saying but there may be a revival of annexation feeling north of the border which may develop into something.

## JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

The coming of Mr. John Brisben Walker to Hawaii will result in wide publicity for such views as he may form about the Territory, its people, problems

and outlook and about the status and destiny of the aboriginal race. Mr. Walker goes into subjects carefully and fully. Of late he wrote the entire Cosmopolitan Magazine, covering the salient points of the World's Fair at St. Louis; and in his discussions of public themes and of sociology he has shown breadth of view and catholicity of spirit. We surmise that he will undertake to show Hawaii as it is and to that end the people of the islands and especially of Honolulu should give him every opportunity to know Hawaii as it is. Since annexation our people have grown cautious in their hospitality to strangers, but they cannot afford to stand off when they know their man and have need that he and others like him shall not be left unaided in their search for the truth about the evolutionary progress of this most interesting of all American Territories.

The curfew law is good for keeping children off the street at night who have no business there but it could not be put to worse use than to interfere with the thrifty lads who help support themselves or their parents, by early morning newspaper delivery. These boys go to bed early, get at least eight hours' sleep and some of them, who have distant routes, report for duty as early as half past three a. m. Were they out for mischief, the duty of the police would be clear; but they are out for an honest livelihood, learning ways of care and exactitude and growing up in a sphere of usefulness to become good citizens. Should the curfew law drive them from their little jobs it might do them more harm than any other philanthropic statute could repair.



For the Soul's Good.

Sunday Programs.

Tropical Diseases.

Disappearing Evidence.

Joe Cohen's Scheme.

Respect for the Paralyzed.

People who are in the habit of dining evenings in the cafes and restaurants, must come early or go hungry. Tonight, unless the High Sheriff changes his mind, public eating houses will close at 7 o'clock, just in time for all hands to attend evening service. Let me hope that no worldly spirit will rail against this law, which is manifestly for the good of souls. Eating during the evening is purely a fleshly pastime, a grievance to the spirit, a provoker of distempers and a bar to attendance at church. Far better to put the money, of which, after all, we are mere stewards, upon the collection plate, than into the unsanctified hands of the Boniface, who is, despite his saintly name, a friend and leaguer of the Adversary. Any appetizing meal is of the Devil, because it tempts one's thoughts from the soul's service, but an appetizing meal in the evening, when the gross physical body responds most culpably to the senses, is one of the most wily snares which the Tempter sets for straying feet. Better a dinner of herbs by day, where Satan is not, than a Staffed Ox in the midst of his palaces. And be admonished, brethren, that it is better to go hungry than to eat at all; for as the gross body fades, the spiritual vision becomes clearer and one is better able to penetrate the veil which hides us all from the life beyond. During the singing, the collection will be taken up.

### Announcements for the day:

The Zenda dancing club will meet in the evening at their hall and hear a short discourse on the Soul's Harmonies by the prison chaplain. A collection is desired.

The H. A. C.'s and Maile Ilimas will attend services morning and evening, and in the afternoon will assist the police in closing the aquarium and other evil resorts and preventing the band from occupying the Capitol grounds. The utmost decorum will be observed.

No croquet will be played or knitting done on Sunday by the Cousins' Society, the members of which are expected to pass the time in improving conversation.

Those authorized by law to work nights, printers, newspaper writers, pressmen, motormen and conductors, electric light and water-works employees, police and firemen, will provide themselves with cold lunches for the midnight meal, it being unlawful for any victualer to serve them warm food or coffee.

If the Band plays at all on Sunday it will be expected to go where no one will be disturbed by "Pedro," "The Cable has Come" or "O You Governor Carter."

The McKinley Memorial Fund Society will quietly assemble in the Makiki graveyard and see what it is coming to.

Once in a while the non-professional public reads that a paper on Tropical Diseases has been discussed by a Medical Society. The average man if he thinks of the matter at all, identifies such diseases with fever; though fever, as he ought to know, claims all climates for its own and is no more Tropical than Temperate in its zonic habitat. What is often meant are worms.

You have heard of dog worms, the wriggling things that your pet canine drinks from muddy pools and which attack his heart and kill him. You have heard of the fluke which affects the liver of so many cattle, some slimy thing that is drunk from swampy streams or eaten from grasses which grow half in the water? Well, bad as it sounds, people in the tropics sometimes get such things and it generally happens that they acquire the pest by eating watercress and Chinese grown lettuce. Minute organisms of the fluke germs attach themselves to the leaves; and unless the food is washed over and over again, with intelligent care, it is likely to put the consumer on a bed of pain.

A friend of mine had an agonizing liver. He was cut open and the cysts of fluke removed from the organ. He lived, but if he had deferred the operation he might have died.

The common worms of the materia medica are usual in the tropics and account for more illness than even the doctors admit.

This sort of comment is not exactly promotion literature but I think it is better to keep our people well and healthy and safeguarded from an insidious mortal enemy than to enable them to sell a few trinkets to tourists; though, as no hullabaloo need be made over the matter, there isn't any reason why there shouldn't be tourists just the same.

The great point is to be sure of your watercress and lettuce. Raise them yourselves in the backyard rather than trust a Chinese huckster. Furthermore a little book "How to Keep Well in the Tropics" ought to be prepared so that the residents of Hawaii, permanent and temporary, would always know what edibles to avoid.

A week ago Saturday, twenty-four gallons of kolehao were captured in the back country along with the men that made the pungent liquor. The latter were sent to the tanks; but I hesitate to say that the former were also for the liquor was put in charge of two of the Federal officials who were to hold it in evidence. Their blue-ribbon status precludes all doubt as to the cause of the singular events that followed. Surely it was not the Federal officials but evaporation which has caused the evidence to disappear so quickly.

The returns are as follows:

Sunday—Twenty-three gallons in stock; market firm.

Monday—Twenty-one and one-half gallons; market steady.

(Continued on Page 2.)

# COMMERCIAL NEWS

BY DANIEL LOGAN.

Though everything in the Hawaiian commercial system revolves around the Bag of Sugar, there are times when subsidiary interests may be discussed in a business review as an agreeable relief to the monotonous grind of sweetness. This is not the occasion for such a diversion, however, as the week just past has been one of the most interesting that ever happened in the annals of the sugar industry of the Hawaiian Islands. For more than a score of years there has been an annual convention of the sugar interests—financial together with agricultural and milling—latterly under the name of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association. To those who have participated in this year's convention, beginning on Wednesday and holding two sittings daily for three full days, and to those who have followed the newspaper reports of proceedings, it is unnecessary to state that no previous annual assembly of the planters has been so replete with interchange of valuable ideas and experiences for the benefit of the industry. It was withal a meeting of great cheer to all who have interests, direct or indirect, in sugar-raising. By the concentration of the intelligence and enterprise of the Association in a board of trustees, which has been active and alert throughout the year, disaster that threatened the plantations has been largely averted and precautions have been established that fairly promise to prevent a similar menace for the future. With the division of pathology of plants about to be added to the agricultural and entomological divisions already in complete working order, the experimental station of the Association will rank with the best of such institutions, public and private, anywhere. Working in harmony with the Territory's agricultural department, the planters have the benefit of a rigid plant quarantine with a man in charge (Mr. Crow) who has a national reputation as an expert. Exhaustive reports on cultivation and manufacture, fertilizing and irrigating, labor-saving devices, etc., were presented by the standing committees of the year and fully discussed in the convention. Cabled reports of a rising sugar market kept the planters in good spirits throughout the meeting.

(Continued on page 12.)

## THE CHARM OF HAWAII.

By Sol. N. Sheridan.

There is no analysis possible of the charm that draws back to Honolulu that Wanderer in outland places who has once felt the sweet restfulness and breathed in the velvet air of this quaint little city sitting at the Gates of Paradise.

It is a thing intangible, elusive, and yet lasting. The draught is always upon the heart strings, and the Wanderer turns to the southward at the last with a sense of restfulness even in the motion of the ship that carries him across the waves.

The seas may be strong and the winds foul. That is provocative of blind anger, perhaps, at the destiny that would seem to erect itself, black and forbidding, in opposition to the heart's desire to dwell once more in a land where the gales are soft and the skies kindly. But let the stress be passed, as all storms pass, and the trade winds begin to breathe gently over waves that break as they ripple into millions of shining points, and the Wanderer breathes again the velvet air and his soul is soothed to such gentle ecstasy as waits upon the man who has happily left the jar of mundane things behind him to enter heaven without translation as without merit of his own.

And, after that, a black coast looms out of the blue sea, changing and taking on rich coloring as the ship draws closer in—and presently Diamond Head is passed and there is all at once a picture of tropic foliage set round about the dwellings of men, and of the shipping of a still harbor, and of a procession of rainbows marching in state across the vivid green slope of Tantalus.

And that is Honolulu!

Once, two years ago, the editor of this paper asked me, then new in the land, to write my impressions of Honolulu. I wrote—for the word of the editor is the law to a few people.

Now the editor has asked me, come back after long straying in other lands, to write again of the impressions that the changes in the city make upon me. And again I write, for the word of that editor is still law to a few men.

But I have no new impressions—or, if I have, they are swallowed up in great gladness at my own return from exile. That is selfish, but humanity is selfish. Mayhap the men of Honolulu are a thought more selfish than other men, in that they have in the past done so little to tell the world of the charm they have here, and so have done so little who might have done so much to promote the happiness of their fellows. In passing, let it be said that it is one of the changes that they are doing more now—and bid fair to continue to do more. And that is a grateful change.

There have been changes in Honolulu, many changes, in the past two years. The people who have lived those changes know them better than any Wanderer can, and realize them more keenly. The change that strikes most markedly upon one who saw the city last in the spring of 1903, are the improvements that have been made along the water front, the general cleaning up of the old wharves there and the air of extreme newness about the new ones. The city has been changed by the building of a few modern business blocks, and many dwelling houses have been put up, but these lie embowered so deeply in tropical foliage that they do not force themselves upon attention.

The street car service, excellent aforesaid, has been so extended that all parts of the city are now quickly and easily and cheaply accessible, emphasizing the old impression that while Honolulu seems to be a congeries of narrow and crooked streets and alleys it is still, in its wider scope, a city of broad and beautiful streets and avenues designed with an artistic intelligence to fit the site chosen for it. This improved street car service will be a great point gained when the tourist travel grows as it is bound to grow as the charm of Honolulu spreads wider and wider.

A great hotel has added its splendid capacity for entertainment to the capacity of those already here, and the city could almost house a National Convention now—and not feel the stress of the crowd.

But, under it all, Honolulu has not really changed. The charm is here, intangible, elusive, yet lasting, that draws back men who have once felt its power as surely as the star draws the needle. That charm will endure against the fret of small or large politics, and in despite of Sunday blue laws and all the other things with which men in Paradise must still goad themselves to show that they are men though they have left the world of men behind them.

The charm is in the air, in the rainclouds that come streaming down the valley of Nuuanu stream, in the tropic foliage, in sea and sky and highland and lowland. Nay, it is in all the people themselves, despite their racial and religious and political differences. It is in their wealth and in their poverty. It is in the merchant prince whose ships come to him across wide seas, and in the barefooted coolie who chaffers for vegetables at the back door of the poorest house on the slopes of Punchbowl. It is in the planter who looks across his broad fields of juicy cane as in the laborer who hacks away with his sharp knife through those same fields. It is in the oldest native with a lei around his hat, as it begins to get into the blood of the newest new-comer who also puts on a lei and struts without a thought of the ancient symbolism of the wreath.

The charm is in the splendid hospitality of the people and in their insularity. It embraces all things, and touches all men—even the stranger, and the Wanderer who has come back. Nay, perhaps the stranger and the Wanderer feel it most of all—the stranger without understanding because it is to him so strangely sweet in its subtle intoxication; the Wanderer without seeking to understand because he feels once more the touch of all that he has longed to win back through all his wanderings.

Life is worth living to the man who has once lived in Hawaii and who has come back to it again. That is the charm of Honolulu. It is a spell that men weep to feel again, dying afar from the land of the sun and the rain; a spell that will draw men back, living, from the uttermost ends of the earth and that will hold them so long as any little bit of life is left to live. It may even hold men in their own worldly despite, although that is scarcely thinkable. The man whose good fortune has cast his lot in Honolulu has in that one kindness of fate almost his share of worldly happiness.

And if some men get more as some men do get more—well, that is but another of those mysteries which pass human understanding.

With the potent force of this charm working in my blood, the editor has demanded impressions. The word of the editor is a law to some men, but it is not a law that runs beyond the power of this white magic.

I have no new impressions of Honolulu. I feel the power of the charm that has endured from all time and surrender my soul to it.